

"Sunday Morning" lyrics

## Lowkey Lyrics

### "Sunday Morning"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

When the children see them, they point and laugh  
When the children see them, they point and laugh  
When the children see them, they point and laugh  
    But they don't know  
When the children see them, they point and laugh  
When the children see them, they point and laugh  
When the children see them, they point and laugh  
    But they don't know  
    They don't know

She lost her son on a Sunday  
    Her memory's a bloodstain  
    The paper showed his young face  
    Who remembered his mum's name?  
She sleeps with the blanket he was wrapped in as a child  
    He's not dead he's just napping for a while  
    She thinks backwards with a smile  
        On a clock, the hands stop  
        Can't accept all the plans  
        Lost sunny Sundays  
        Dancing to Vandross like:  
    I used to be such a bad bad boy  
        But I gave it up  
        When I fell in love (ooh)

Hold him close breathe the smell of his skin  
    Preserving every little thing  
    How can she ever begin  
        To move on?  
    Sunday mornings getting the groove on  
        His little hands wave, they [?]  
    She thinks he's coming in from school  
        Made his favourite dinner too  
    Sitting talking to an empty chair in the living room  
Roams the street calling out things that no one listens to  
    Tried to treat her but  
    They thought solution was medicinal  
        No  
        And I don't think they'll ever comprehend it  
    Schizophrenic or a broken heart that can't be mended  
        Now she's sitting talking to herself  
        Where the bench is  
    Relatives wonder when she's coming to her senses  
  
        In her mind, he grew  
        Walked the passage to a man

They branded it as madness  
Never planned to understand  
She can't quite touch him  
She imagines that she can  
Holding the fabric to her face  
Squeezing the blanket in her hand  
Saying

Every Sunday morning, na ya ya  
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya  
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya  
I dance with you  
I dance with you

The day they came and took away his son was a Sunday  
But he only woke up to the news on the Monday  
More times he knows the situation ends one way  
But he looks up searching for some hope in the sunrays  
A year passed, two years passed, three years passed  
Finds it hard to get over the shadow that the fear casts  
Four years passed, five years passed, six, seven, eight passed  
Still lays a hand for him when they play cards  
His bedroom as it was, doesn't dare to touch a thing  
Hums himself to sleep with the songs his son would sing, like:  
Ain't no sunshine when she's gone  
Only darkness every day  
Ain't no sunshine now he's gone  
Only darkness every day

You might see him by the betting shop  
Asking for a spare pound  
His shoes are getting tattered  
And he's losing all his hair now  
Sees him in his dreams but  
He doesn't know his whereabouts  
Sees him in the mirror  
'Cause there's nothing else he cares 'bout  
Sees him in the crowd but  
The truth is, he isn't there  
Goes after him and chases but  
Every time, he disappears  
Cars pass him by  
And passengers just sit and stare  
Talking to himself in a cruel world that didn't care

Every Sunday morning, na ya ya (ah ya ya)  
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya  
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya (hey)  
I dance with you (oh)  
I dance with you (ah)

Every Sunday morning, na ya ya (every Sunday morning, yeah)  
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya (ah oh)  
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya

I dance with you (oh)  
I dance with you (ah)

I don't think I can do this on my own (no no no)  
I don't think I can do this on my own (oh)  
I don't think I can do this on my own  
'Cause I need you  
I need you  
I don't think I can do this on my own  
I don't think I can do this on my own  
I don't think I can do this on my own  
'Cause I need you (I need you)  
I need you